

love so soft by AllisonDiamond

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Summary:

Sometimes, the best things are just the simple things.

love so soft

They walk in silence, shoulders touching, but not quite touching.

“I’m sorry,” Jonathan finally says, hair falling over his eyes. “I...I know how much it hurts. To watch the girl you love fall into some asshole’s hands,” he admits, brushing the hair off his face. “That asshole *was* me.”

“Don’t be,” Steve says, smiling a little. “Nancy — she never was mine. I don’t blame her for walking out on me. I didn’t listen to her. *I never listen to her.*” He shoves his hands into his pockets. “I knew how messed up she was ‘bout Barb’s death and this shit, but I didn’t help her. I told her to forgot it all and live a normal life. I *wasn’t* good to her.”

Jonathan shakes his head. “No, I shouldn’t have done that. I wanted her, but—” He pauses, looking off into the far distance. “—I should have waited...I didn’t think, I acted. And that was a dumb mistake.”

Steve reaches out to pat him on the back, but his hand lingers for a second longer than it should before it finally settles. “Not your fault, Jonny-boy. Not any of ours. Nancy and I...we weren’t meant to be. I knew that eventually she’d leave me for someone better. I’m glad it’s you and not some asshole.”

Jonathan’s eyes linger on the hand on his back. “We aren’t,” he says, bringing his hand down to cover Steve’s, “not anymore. It didn’t work out between us. I wanted her and when I had her, it wasn’t what I expected. And she, she needed time to be by herself, to figure out all of this.”

“Oh. Sorry man.” Steve stops walking and Jonathan does, too. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything,” Jonathan says, turning to look at Steve, catching his eyes.

Steve smiles instead of saying anything.

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They eat in silence, hands touching, but not quite touching.

“How are you holdin’ up?” Steve asks, shoving a piece of dumpling into his mouth.

Jonathan drops his chopsticks and looks at him through big, bright eyes. “Good. I’m good. Will...he’s been gettin’ better. Mom has been actin’ less controlling. Things have been good lately.”

“No, I meant Nancy,” Steve says, looking at Jonathan, seeing the invisible barrier *breaking* that used to separate them. “How are you now that she is gone?”

Jonathan shrugs. “Don’t know. It’s weird, not having her here, but I’ve been dealin’. It’s not as bad, as I expected.” Jonathan turns and looks at him, brows furrowing. “How ‘bout yourself? You alright? Knowing she is miles away?”

“Yeah,” he says numbly. “No.”

“You still love her?”

“Yes. You?”

Jonathan looks at him and gives him a small smile. “Yeah. I can’t stop loving her, even if I wanted.”

Steve laughs. “Who can ever say no to Nancy?

Jonathan smiles and Steve finds himself admiring the way the smile goes all the way up to his eyes. And what a beautiful smile it is.

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They sit in silence, bodies touching, but not quite touching.

“Hey,” Steve says, hitting his shoulders against Jonathan.

“Hey.” Jonathan smiles.

“I got you something.” He reaches in his bag and pulls a box out. “I

saw it and I thought it was you. I couldn't not get it."

Jonathan stares at the box before he takes it. "Thanks. I don't know if I can—"

"Open it," Steve urges.

"I don't know. I don't feel right accepting a gift from you." He bites his lower lips. "It just...it feels wrong."

"C'mon, Jonny-boy, don't be like that." He punches him lightly on the shoulders. "Open it."

"Alright." Jonathan hesitatingly opens the box, and his eyes widen in surprise. "You shouldn't have. This must have cost a shit load of cash." He smiles. "Thank you."

"No problem, man." Steve laughs. "You should smile more. It's nice."

"Okay, man." He gives Steve a strange look.

Steve smiles and covers his face with his hands when Jonathan tries to take pictures of him.

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They climb in silence, limbs touching, but not quite touching.

"What the hell is fun 'bout hiking?" Steve asks, breathing heavily when they land on the top, eyes angry. "Stop that! I didn't say you could do that."

Jonathan laughs. "You look *cute* when you frown like that," he says, taking another flash of Steve's angry face. "Man, if Nancy could see you like this. I think I'll send her some of the pics."

"You wouldn't," Steve warns, "Or I'd beat your ass black and blue."

"Sure thing." Jonathan still continues to hang from the rope. "You got me the camera."

"I didn't give you it to take embarrassing pictures of me," Steve

replies, dropping to the ground. “I’ll kill you, if you don’t stop that, Jonathan,” he stresses when Jonathan takes another picture of him.

“You’re perfect photo material, asshole. ” He winks.

Steve frowns and folds his arms across his chest.

“That’s perfect,” Jonathan calls. “Stay like that.”

“Listen, you asshole, if you hadn’t tired me out,” he says angrily, not attempting to get up from the ground. “I’d make you regret that you’ve ever been born.”

Jonathan smiles and it’s such a beautiful smile, showing the loopy sides of his mouth, and his perfect crooked teeth. And Steve finds himself not caring anymore, if he takes embarrassing photos of him.

Because there is something about Jonathan that makes him not want to care.

Author's Note:

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